

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June 6, 1888, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. June 7th 1888 My dear Alec:

Papa says it is no use writing to you at Liverpool and I don't know your ban ? k er so I will send this to the Alexandra hoping that if you don't put up there you will think a letter from me worth sending for.

I haven't much further to communicate, except that we continue "excellently well" pleased here. It is a lovely quaint quiet old place, the narrow streets rendering much traffic difficult while it's small extent makes it unnecessary. The Eure and the old Moat threading the town in all direction make one think of Venice, the houses rising as abruptly from the water's edge, but the still slow streams are used for little else except landrying. There's plenty of that going on everywhere all day long, the rows of blue-coated bare-armed women and their white caps working away diligently under the picturesque dark red-tiled roofs is a very pretty sight. Mamma tempers her admiration of the pretty sight with housewifely pity for the fate of the linen undergoing such rough usage with scrubbing brush, wooden pounder and more deadly foe than either, cloride of lime.

We went today to an ancient glass manufactory where it turns out all the stained glass for the immense Roman Catholic Cathedral of New York and the swell Episcopalian Church of St. Johns of Washington was made. Just such a pretty place as it is just such a place as one reads about in the chronicles of the Middle Ages when the Master had his shop in his own house and him i s elf not only directed the work of his apprentices but worked among them. It is a small place, shut out as 2 everything here is from the road by high clay walls and funny and little green bower by the old Moat. I am sure you would delight in it and everything here. Don't judge France by the Parisians. One of the received beliefs of the

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world is the prudence of the French Jacques Bonhomme in the matter of children. I always understand there were few. Why we have driven several miles in the country adjoining Chartres and every house is swarming with them, black-eyed black-haired rosy-checked, plump darlings in blue blouses and white caps. How I long for some of my own,

Your loving, Mabel. Chartres, June 7th., 1888. My letter last night to Queenstown was misdated June 5. Tomorrow we go to Orleans, after to Blois.